Or neuer more to view nor day nor light,
Tis well Mistris, your choice agrees with mine,
I like that well: nay how absolute shee's in it,
Not minding whether I dislike or no.
Well, I do commend her choyce, and will no longer
Haue it be delayed: soft, heere he comes,
I must dissemble it.

Enter Pericles.

Per. All fortune to the good *Simonides.*
King. To you as much: Sir, I am beholding to you,
For your sweet musicke this last night:
I do protest my eares were neuer better fed
With such delightfull pleasing harmony.
Per. It is your graces pleasure to commend,
Not my desert.
King. Sir, You are Musicks master.
Per. The worst of all her schollers (my good Lord)
King. Let me aske you one thing.
What do you thinke of my daughter, sir?
Per. A most vertuous Princesse,
King. And shee's faire too, is she not?
Per. As a faire day in Summer: wondrous faire.
King. Sir my daughter thinkes very well of you,
I so well that you must be her master,
And she will be your Scholler; therefore looke to it.
Per. I am vnworthy to be her schoolemaster.
King. She thinkes not so; peruse this writing else.
Per. What's heere, a letter, that she loues the Knight of *Tyre*.
Tis the Kings subtilty to haue my life:
Oh seeke not to intrap me gracious Lord,
A stranger and distressed gentleman,
That neuer aimde so high to loue your daughter,
But bent all office to honour her.
King. Thou hast bewitcht my daughter,
And thou art a villaine.
Per. By the Gods I haue not; neuer did thought

Of mine leuy offence; nor neu
Yet commence, a deed might
Or your displeasure.
King. Traitor, thou lyest.
Per. Ttaytor?
King. I traytor.
Per. Euen in his throate, vn
That cals me traitor I returne
King. Now by the Gods I d
Per. My actions are as noble
That neuer relisht of a base di
I came vnto your Court for h
And not to be a rebell to our
And he that otherwise accou
This sword shall prooue hee'
King. No? here comes my d

Ente

Per. Then as you are as
Resolue your angry father, if
Did ere solicite, or my hand
To any syllable that made lo
Thai. Why sir if you had
At that would make me glad
King. Yea mistris, are you
I am glad of it with all my h
Ile tame you ile bring you i
Will you not hauing my co
Bestow your loue and your
Vpon a stranger? who for o
May be (nor can I thinke th
As great in blood as I my
Therefore heare you mistris
Your will to mine; and you
Eyther be rul'd by me, or
Man and wife; nay, come y
And lips must seale it too: b